THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 29, 1806.

Melancholy Case of a Man with a Nose unusually long.

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

AS the press is a useful vehicle for redressing grievances, whether public or private, individually or at large, I beg leave, through the channel of your amusing miscellany, to submit my case to the consideration of your readers, hoping it may interest, in some degree, *certain persons* in my behalf, and screen me, in future, from the provoking sneers, scoffs, giggles, and insults, I have, for many years, so patiently, though not unfeelingly endured.

Observe, Mr. Editor, that though I can boast, what is usually termed, a pretty good *front*, yet I am led into many distressful scenes and mortifications, by a certain olfactory prominence, vulgarly called a nose, affixed to this front, by way of *handle*, and which, at times, has been so *roughly* handled, that my case is truly deplorable; and whenever I am spoken of in absence, it is always with the genteel appellation of "*the man with the nose*," as if a nose was a phenomenon in nature, or so useless an appendage to a face, that it might easily be dispensed with.

Though I sometimes visit London, I chiefly reside in the country, am an early riser, fond of breathing the fresh salubrious air of the morning, and regale myself with a walk; but these, my rural, healthful excurtions, have led me into many a scrape. As there is no law in the legislature against the use of a certain square piece of linen, commonly concealed in the pocket, I am obliged, being a great *snuffer*, to occasionally indulge this way; and a pack of hounds lying enkennelled in my rout, these ill-trained animals always mistake the harmony

of my nose, for the sound of the *bugle horn*, and set up the music of their throats in consequence of it; so that in the evening, when I go into company with ladies (for I am very fond of the fair sex), I am compelled to undergo every mark of their displeasure, for having, though innocently, disturbed and discomposed their morning slumbers; and whenever I appear, my ears too are sure to be assailed, in a half buz, with, "*that fellow is poking his nose every where.*"

Being naturally blessed with an insatiable curiosity, which the other day was stimulated too, with jealousy, I could not suppress a promptitude to listen to a conversation passing in whispers, in the next room; and the door standing conveniently a-jar, I got my full face as near the crevice as possible, willing to *peep*, as well as hear; and forgetting the extreme length of the projecting part, it unluckily caught the eye of my favourite female, who, to shew her affection for me, humourously laid hold of it with *a pair of sugar nippers*, and gave it such a twist, that the whole house echoed with my roar! I then endeavoured at a retreat down stairs, as expeditiously as possible; but my eyes, blinded with tears, from excruciating pain, caused such a Will of the wisp to dance before them, that I ran my poor unfortunate nose bounce against the street-door, which resenting such an unusual salutation, bounced me back again, rebounding like a ball, and laying hold, to save myself, of the first thing in my way, grasped an old woman, whom my cries had brought to the spot, and we both measured our length on the floor together. She, too, in revenge for the tumble, maliciously laid hold of my striking, and now strucken feature, as a *staff* for uprising, and gave it a second twist, so that for a time, I could not say whether I had a nose on my face or not. This disaster, however, put me a little more on my guard, and one day, crossing Portland-place, a gentleman looked at me, and made a full stop. I readily perceived what had so suddenly attracted his attention; and, trembling for the consequences, politely put up my hand to press aside the offending part, observing, "*I hope, Sir, you have now room to pass?*" The gentleman looked at me again, made a complimentary bow, and went off laughing. This encouraged me to purchase a ticket for a benefit play, but I had no sooner seated myself in one of the balcony boxes, than such a clamour arose in the galleries of "nosey! nosey! nosey!" which was again echoed by the pit; and, in fine, the motion seconded by a majority of males throughout the house. This uproar honoured me with the notice of a circle of ladies in the adjoining box. One exclaims, "Bless me, what a nose" "I never saw the like in my life!" returned a second. "Is it *really* a nose?" cried a third. "I should like to touch it," replied a fourth; and the fifth was for indulging herself with a hearty squeeze.

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In short, such a concert began, of tittering, giggling, laughing, and cat-calling, that only the best face in the world could have stood the brunt.

At length, the gentlemen of the cat-gut string, made their appearance in the orchestra, and I hoped would have rivetted the attention of the audience to a concert of a more harmonious kind; when a musician, (whose nose could not be named in the same day with mine) no sooner touched the *bassoon*, than the sound of that well-known instrument, together with my exhibition, bringing to their recollection their former old acquaintance, "nosey! nosey! nosey!" was again reiterated, with ten-fold vociferation, and all I had for it was to pretend to join heartily in the laugh. Now as my great predecessor of old Drury has been long since dead, I do not wish to revive his justly acquired honours, in any playhouse, or place whatever. Peace to his manes! the greatest beauties must fade, obscured by our mother earth; and unless I can adopt some mode to veil this extravagant one of mine, or divert attention another way, I shall wish myself entombed also.

As most of my fair friends subscribe to the Weekly Entertainer, this letter, I flatter myself, will work upon their good nature, and that I shall be treated with more lenity in future. I consider *them* as angels, and for whom no sacrifice would be too much; and hope they will have the goodness to consider also, that a long nose is better than no nose at all, and that I cannot, with convenience, amputate it a single inch, nor enclose it in a case.

I have the honour to be,
Mr. Editor,
Your very respectful,
Though distressed humble servant,
Crewkerne. CHRISTOPHER CONQUE.

ANECDOTES *of the late* RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.

DURING his travels on the continent, which, almost immediately succeeded his leaving school, the numerous and enormous drafts for money made on his father, caused at at first complaints; complaint was presently succeeded by strong terms of reproof, and these were immediately afterwards closed by a positive refusal of honouring any more of his drafts. His lordship, however, speedily relented, and contented himself with writing his son a letter couched in strong, though perhaps not too severe terms, on his conduct; this epistle he concluded with mildly desiring his son to enquire among all his different acquaintance as to their establishment and expenditure, and fairly to answer him (his father) whether

any of them were half so extravagant as himself. Charles, by the very return of the post, wrote Lord Holland for answer, that he had very carefully made the enquiry he desired, and must candidly confess he could not find any one of them who was.

Not long after he entered the house of commons, he was pressed in a serious conversation with his father, to inform the latter what species of character his lordship held in the world? Charles evaded the question with much dexterity some time, 'till at length, being very closely pressed, he, with much apparent reluctance, told his lordship, that he was called one of the greatest —— in the kingdom; "and where, Sir," turning round to his son, with much asperity and apparent anger, "and where, Sir, is your sword, that it does not punish such calumny as it deserves?" "Believe me, Sir," replied Charles, mildly, "no single person should dare make such an attack unpunished, but you cannot, Sir, in reason, expect me to challenge and fight the whole world."

The Extraordinary Case of Joseph Lockier, who was struck by Lightning, and existed three Weeks in a Wood, near Bath, on Water only.

THIS singular case is thus narrated, by the poor sufferer himself, which account he attested upon oath, on the 30th of September, 1806, before George Robinson, esq. one of the justices of the peace for the county of Somerset. The oath was administered in the Bath City Dispensary, in which he was then a patient:

That he, the said Joseph Lockier, had come to Bath on the 19th of August last, in the morning, and was returning to Monckton Farleigh, in the afternoon, through a wood, called Ashley Wood, which is a nearer way than the usual road. Whilst he was in this wood, between six and seven o'clock in the evening, a violent thunder storm came on, by which he believes he was struck down and rendered insensible, as he is not conscious of any thing more which occurred at the time. He remembers that his senses returned gradually and imperfectly, so that at first, he was barely capable of perceiving and distinguishing surrounding objects, and that it was a little time before he was in the full possession of his faculties. He now felt excessively cold, his clothes wet, his hands and feet swelled, the powers of his lower extremities totally gone, and those of his arms much impaired. He was also entirely incapable of articulating, or of uttering any sound whatever, though he frequently attempted it. He remembers that very soon after the restoration of his senses, another thunder storm occurred, that

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it happened in the night, and frightened him excessively.* He had in his pocket a pocket-book and a shaving-dish :† he placed out the latter to receive the rain which fell abundantly about this period. 'Till the subsequent time when he was discovered and removed, he subsisted entirely on the water so caught, and on the grass within the reach of his arms, which he gathered and chewed. He also made the memorandums in his pocket-book, of which the following is a copy :‡

"I am just able to pencil this. I believe the fatal thunder storm (to me) was on the 18th§ of August. I should not have known how the time went on, only by hearing the guns go off for partridge-shooting, the 1st of September, and it is now the 4th I am pencilling this—from the above time 'till now I have not had any thing to put in my mouth."

"As I was going across this wood to Farleigh, I was struck down by a violent clap of thunder, where I lay senseless for God knows how long. When I came to myself, my hands and feet were swelled very much, so that I could not stand; nor have I eat any thing for three weeks past—God only knows my sufferings."

The said Joseph Lockier also deposes, that his voice was restored so as to enable him to call for assistance, and that some time in the commencement of the month of September, he heard persons in the wood with dogs, and called to them for assistance; that they approached within a short distance of him, and heard his story, but told him he was an impostor and went away. On the evening of the same day, the said Joseph Lockier deposes, that his late master, Mr. Batchelor, of Monckton Farleigh, came to his assistance, and had him removed in a cart, to the Swan Inn, on Kingsdown. Joseph Lockier also declares, that during the time he lay in the wood, hunger was the most distressing sensation at first, which afterwards subsided, and yielded entirely to thirst, the distress from which was intolerable, and which he appeased in the mode before-mentioned. After the recovery of his senses, he slept much during the warmth of the day, but was kept awake by the cold of the night; during sleep he dreamed of eating and drinking,

* This second thunder storm is known to have occurred on the night of the 29th of August, so that he must have been insensible for nearly ten days.

† It was one part of his occupation to shave persons in the village where he lived.

‡ The pocket-book inclosed two slate leaves; it is soiled and rumpled by the rain.

§ It was on the 19th.

drinking, but on awaking suffered violent commotion and internal agitation, at the disappointed idea. On being taken up from the ground, and conveyed to the Swan Inn, Kingsdown, he was immediately put under the care of Mr. Mason, surgeon, of Batheaston.

We shall here subjoin the attestation of the medical gentlemen respecting this remarkable case:

Bath, November 17, 1806.

WE, the physicians and surgeons of the Bath City Dispensary, do declare, that the above-mentioned Joseph Lockier, was admitted an in-patient the 15th of September, 1806; that at this time his whole body was much emaciated, his legs and thighs motionless, shrivelled and flaccid: on his legs were several livid spots, and one of his toes was completely gangrenous. He has suffered amputation of this toe, and at this time the powers of his lower extremities are nearly restored. From minute attention to his story, and a comparison of it with his appearance and symptoms, we have no doubt of its truth and accuracy.

J. MOODIE,
J. T. MURRAY, } Physicians.
S. CRAWFORD,

T. CREASER,
W. WHITE, } Surgeons.

The FEMALE WANDERER,

A TALE.

IT was in the month of July: the evening was uncommonly serene and beautiful; sweet breezes gaily fanned the face of nature: the birds melodiously warbled around me, and every bush might be said to produce a song. No wonder delights like these should draw a contemplative man beyond the usual limits of his walk. My thoughts were awakened to the tenderest sensations, and my whole soul absorbed in deep reflection on the wondrous works of the Creator.

I had been enjoying myself at the top of a hill which seemed most inviting to the beauties of the setting sun, when, casting my eyes westward, to bid the retiring orb of light a last adieu, I perceived a poor woman approach me, who seemed almost fainting under a heavy burden. Two infants hung at her breasts —at her back was suspended a child, moaning in a most piteous manner; it cried for bread, but the unhappy mother was unable to satisfy its wants. I hastened to the woman, who

begged charity in a voice at once the most plaintive and melodious I ever heard; unacquainted with the canting tone of a beggar, she sued in a language that bespoke her birth to be greatly superior to her present situation. I begged that she would attend me to the cottage which stood at the foot of the hill. Having relieved her of her eldest child, a fine boy about four years old, which before hung at her back, she regained strength. I appeased the little sufferer's cries with a biscuit which I had in my pocket. The mother attained the bottom of the hill with more ease than I could have supposed, for she presented the image of death.

On our entering the cottage, (for the door stood wide open) an elderly woman, who had been sitting at the window spinning, arose, and received us with true rustic hospitality. Seeing the distress of the poor woman I brought in with me, she instantly laid a clean napkin on the table, and set before her all the house afforded, modestly observing, "This is all I have, but, thank God, when that is gone I can get more."

After "The Female Wanderer" had finished her meal, I assured her that she might look upon me as directed by providence to assist her and her little helpless children, and that I considered it a trust of so serious a nature, that I should fear the just vengeance of the Almighty if I failed in my duty.

She gazed with fixed astonishment on my face, and then, as if recollecting herself, modestly dropped her eyes on her two infants, and kissed their pallid cheeks. Having recovered herself a little, she sighing said, "Heaven, at last, has had compassion on a wretch who had dared to upbraid the justice of her Maker. My eldest boy, there (who was sitting on my knee) has borne his sufferings like an angel; could I have thought (kissing him) that sympathy for thy unhappy mother had so sweetly influenced thy little breast! Whole nights have we mingled our tears together, while unconscious of our fate or their own, the babes of my breast were rocked in a soft sweet sleep, which hunger denied to their mother and their brother. Yes, Sir, believe me, nothing for this week past has entered our lips but what the hedges have afforded us, and now and then a turnip, plucked with fear from the fields we have passed through. The clear water of the spring has slaked our thirst —we drank without fear, for no one could deny us that. Tired, borne down with my sufferings, my heart long since would have ceased to beat, but that, when fainting within me, the sight of my smiling cherubs, the thought that rushed across my mind in my solicitude for their preservation, made it throb with double force; but nature deprived of sustenance, must decay; 'tis satisfied, indeed, with little, when comfort digests that little; but misery, and all its mournful train, so long has

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pressed upon my wearied body, that, but for you, Sir——Oh! what shall I call you! Alas! how can I return so great an obligation—how convince you of my gratitude? I have not words to express myself, and my eyes are too dim to be the reflectors of the heart."

I wept, and eagerly seizing her hands, which, I thought were supplicating Heaven in my behalf, my tears bedewed them, and I emphatically cried, "The gratitude of innocence is more delightful to sensibility than all the studied eloquence of hypocrisy;" then turning to the woman of the house, (at the same time throwing my purse into her lap,) I bade her get every thing to comfort the afflicted parent. "I will take nothing, Sir," said she, "but the reward my conscience will bestow."

My poor wanderer consented to retire to rest—the whole house was in tears; I almost flew out of it:—My heart was full, and I made a promise to return on the morrow. My thoughts were dead to every thing but pity; in my breast there was a perfect calm; there is no sensation so sweet, so permanent, as pity; he that is possessed of it can never say he has not tasted happiness; and he that has it not is below the beasts of the field. Curiosity to hear the story of the forlorn unknown, restrained my eyes from sleep during the whole night, which was spent in meditating on the happiness I should confer on a little family, whose chief delight would be to express their gratitude.

No sooner had the morning sun greeted my chamber window than I arose, and I must confess that I never left my house with such precipitancy, never tasted the sweets of the morn with so exquisite an appetite. When I arrived at the cottage, the woman of the house informed me that my poor wanderer had had a charming night—that she was yet asleep—and she thought it would be imprudent to disturb her. In about an hour afterwards, however, she came down; the pale wan face that yesterday melted my heart with pity, now glowed with gratitude; the roses faintly revisited her cheeks: the tempest of adversity no more depressed her brow; but a sweet calmness overspread her features, which at once endeared her to me, because it sprung from a reliance on my integrity, and named her the child of virtue.

Breakfast being finished, she anticipated my wishes, by saying,—"My story, Sir, though replete with misfortune, since you have so kindly interested yourself in my fate, will, perhaps, remove any doubts that may have arisen from the melancholy situation whence you so kindly relieved me." I thanked her, and she proceeded.

"I was the only child of respectable parents, in the north of England. My mother died before I had sense enough to feel such a loss; my father loved me with the tenderest affec-

tion, and I returned that affection with the most assiduous attention that love and duty could bestow. I had nearly attained my eighteenth year, when a young gentleman, who had long before professed the most exalted friendship, declared a tender passion for me, and solicited my father's consent to our marriage. He, good man, happy in the present, looked not to the future, and freely gave his consent; since, as he said, he thus made his child happy, and added a double portion of bliss to his own situation.

"My husband's family had, from our infancy, been on a friendly footing with mine; as much so, indeed, as a fancied superiority would allow. During the life of his parents he had never ventured beyond the bounds of friendship; but their bodies were but a short time deposited in the silent tomb, when he laid aside the friend, and commenced the lover; and after waiting the usual period set apart for mourning, we were married. My fortune was small in comparison to what, as he said, he had a right to expect; 'but love,' said he, 'my dearest Matilda, has too much influence in my heart to suffer pecuniary considerations to engage my attention for a moment; I have enough to insure happiness to us both, while we observe economy, which will always be productive of contentment.'

"His great attention to my father, his easy manner, and apparently happy disposition, easily imposed upon us; and our knowledge of the respectability his family had ever maintained, laid a prohibition against every enquiry that otherwise might have had due weight in our breasts.

"My poor father, willing, as much as possible, to make amends for the deficiency of fortune on my side, requested that we would quit our own house, and live intirely with him. Nearly three years passed comfortably, if not happily, away, 'till death clouded the serenity of our dwelling, by depriving us of my father. By this fatal dissolution our stock was much increased, and I fancied my husband's love increased with it; but, a short time after his death, that blow which the tender anxious father, while he lived, had warded from his daughter, reduced me, in one short hour, to the most wretched being that ever existed." Tears stopped her utterance, and it was sometime before she could proceed.

"I was amusing myself one day with the innocent prattle of my eldest boy, when a loud rap at the door startled me; an ill-looking man entered the parlour, and asked me if my husband was at home. On hearing that he was not, he threw a letter on the table, exclaiming with an oath, 'The sooner you clean the pistols the better.'

"Pistols!' cried I, incoherently. 'Aye, pistols,' said he, emphatically; and he was gone in a moment. I was quite

insensible with astonishment, 'till roused from my reverie by hearing my husband's knock. On my giving him the letter, his expressive eyes were wildly fixed on my face: 'If I knew that you had opened this note!' said he, darting a look in which suspicion and horror were but too perceptible.—He flew up stairs for his pistols, and was gone before I had time to speak; and, in less than half an hour, was laid dead at my feet. I fainted on his body—the cries of my children brought my bewildered senses back to misery. Without mercy, without pity, several men were removing the little furniture my house contained. How died my husband? cried I.—Was he killed? —Who killed him?—Answer me, for God's sake! Then collecting a little courage, and without waiting for an answer, I demanded by what authority they took possession of my goods. 'By the authority of the law:' was the answer, from a man who held an inventory in his hand, and a letter of my husband's writing. Why am I so abused? again exclaimed I; surely common humanity would induce you to wait 'till this poor corpse (now scarcely cold) was interred. There is no law that can protect the wretch who would injure the unhappy widow, and precipitate the ruin of defenceless orphans. 'Come, come, Madam,' repeated the same voice, 'this house is no more a house for you or your children; I have been your protector too long already, to my irreparable loss. Your husband married you to keep my mouth shut, forsooth, with promises. Your father was a good kind of man; he did, poor soul, what he could; but when a bucket is full of holes you know it will hold no water. I heard little more; but as he proceeded, his abuse became so intolerable, that madness (for it was real madness,) drove me from the house in which I first drew breath, and in which I first experienced that misery which had nearly ended in despair.

"I wandered from the place of my nativity, in hopes that pity would befriend me. Hunger, which inures the breast to bear contempt, had no influence over mine. Could I have returned and begged protection of those, who, perhaps, were the murderers of my husband? No, never! though, poor soul, of how he died, what he suffered, or the penitence of his departing soul, I am utterly uninformed. If I had returned I had no friend to plead for me—innocence was all my portion, and a poor support is that against the power of an hypocrite."

"Drive every thought of grief from your mind," said I; "happiness holds out her friendly hand to your assistance. I will be a husband to you, and a father to your children."

W. A.

A Pedestrian Excursion, performed across the Pyrennees from Bagneres de Luchon, in South France, to Venasque, in Spain.

By J. W. HORNEMAN, Lecturer of Botany at Copenhagen.

[Translated from a Danish periodical Publication, entitled 'For Sandhed.']

AMONG the Pyrennean bathing places, Bagneres de Luchon is the next in rank to Bagneres de Bigorre, not for the medical virtues of the springs, but for the number of amusements. Built upon a fertile plain, where two valleys and two rivers meet, surrounded by pretty high mountains, and concealed under two promontories, it has, indeed, a very interesting situation; but still it does not boast that luxuriant fertility, nor that lively colour of youth, by which nature is distinguished around the Bigorrean Bagneres. For five days the roughness of the weather obliged us to perform quarantine; and it was not before the 27th of July that we could begin our pedestrian journey across the frontiers into Spain.

It was a most beautiful morning, when each of us, armed with an ice-stick*, and having a hunter of Chamois for our guide, we walked off from the noisy amusements of the bathing company, towards the silent grandeur of nature. On the right and the left we had two lofty, dark, woody chains of mountains, which were not yet reached by the rays of the sun; and in the back-ground were seen the towering, snow-clad mountains of Port de Venasque. The contrast between the dark pines of the former and the glittering snow of the latter; between the gloom of night on the nearer, and the fulness of day and light on the more distant heights, was extremely striking; and it appeared to us as if we were travelling through darkness and terror towards the temple of truth and light. Continually ascending against the falling Pique†, we passed the old fortress Castelvieil, just when the sun enclosed the summits of the mountains in a golden frame; and, after an ascent of six hours, we reached a shepherd's cottage, which formerly was a kind of inn‡, but now, destroyed by a straggling

* This stick is indispensable on alpic journies. It is about six feet long, and is used not only for support in ascending, but also for stopping the rapidity of the descent; for jumping over clefts, and for directing the course in sliding down upon the snow.

† The name of the mountain river.

‡ Such places are to be met with almost at every passage between the two kingdoms. The place where there is a pass, is called *port*, and the inn, *hospice*.

party of Spaniards, hardly afforded to its summer-inhabitants protection from wet and cold. One hour's rest, good bread, and the chrystal liquid of the spring, made us forget the fatigue we had endured, and strengthened us for that which we had yet to encounter. We were already on that height which is inhabitable only in the summer; vegetation gradually disappeared, and the cold encreased. The valley divided into two smaller ones, and the acclivity of the ground, which had hitherto allowed us to proceed in a straight line, or at least to follow the course of the river, now compelled us to go forwards and backwards in oblique directions.

It was a scene dreadfully grand by which we were surrounded. I have indeed, after this, seen rocks of the same form, but never of the same colour. They were composed of a black lime-stone, which the lately discontinued rains had made still deeper. From the top of these rocks the melted snow descended in numberless stripes, which, illuminated by the rays of the sun, received the purest silver lustre; this would be but faintly represented by silver upon black velvet! We proceeded, for one hour, between falling lumps of snow and fragments of stone, and narrow straps of ground; which those beautiful little plants, the *viola biflora* and the *soldanella alpina*, could not cover; here, continually expecting to find an outlet from this prison, 'till at length we stood at the foot of a very steep side of the rock, which seemed still tighter to enclose us, and which, to our astonishment, our guide declared that we must ascend. He led the way. Walking closely in his steps, we followed, half-supported on our sticks, always in oblique directions, and at every step in fear of the deceitfulness of the snow. We had not long proceeded in this manner, when we came to the place where the river had its fall. Here the snow formed a bridge, the arch of which had given way in several places; producing to our eyes a depth, and to our ears a thundering roar, which could not have been delightful to those who have less feeling for the grandeur of such scenes, and consequently more fear of danger. We got over in safety, and went on. Now, however, a worse circumstance occurred. We were enveloped in a cloud, which concealed, indeed, every object that might raise apprehension, but also every mark that could serve for our direction; so, that if our guide had been less intimately acquainted with these dreary regions, and also, if three deserters, who, the day before, fled from the conscription, had not left us their steps, we should hardly have been able to trace our way through these Thermopylæ. In this now and then half-transparent mist; sometimes under dreadful precipices; sometimes over bursting cataracts, which often we could only hear; then on steeply-inclined layers of snow, where, but a year ago, seven persons had been buried under a mass of snow rolling

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ing down from the upper heights; then again on slippery sides of the rocks; we walked on for several hours, thinly dressed, without mountain spurs, and supported only by our faithful staffs, 'till at length we reached the highest part of the passage —the frontier between both countries.

Here the track disappeared, and our guide declared that he could no longer find his way! His meteorological experience, however, predicted that the mist would not long continue so thick; we therefore sat down among some projecting stones, between which the *ranunculus alpestris*, with some species of moss, were the only things seen of the vegetable kingdom, waiting for the completion of his prophecy, which soon took place. Suddenly the mists dispersed; and, as if by the creating fiat, a world came forth out of their chaos, but a world without finished form, without vegetation, without organization. Before us lay the dreadful Maladetta (the imperviousness and barrenness of which has given rise to its name), with its prodigious masses of snow, and its glittering ice. Above us, vaulted cliffs were suspended; and, in a depth which the eye could hardly fathom, we descried something green, that betrayed plants, and a cottage that discovered men. This scene produced in me no exclamations, but a silent admiration, which made me forget all the fatigue I had endured, and which rivetted me to these sterile rocks, like a pilgrim to the holy sepulchre. The most serene sky, and the most smiling weather, could not have procured us a spectacle like this! Here we saw the conflict of the tempest and the rocks; the rolling, the collision, the rising and the falling of the clouds; we saw the curtain drawn up before a world 'till now unknown to us; we saw light and shade distributed in new and singular forms; we saw the whole through a half-transparent mystical veil, which imagination could better penetrate than the eye;—we saw, at last, the curtain drop, and all disappear.

Our guide had, in the mean time, made his observations, and marked out the course we were to pursue; and his feelings being less irritable than our's, and more habituated to scenes of this nature, he admonished us to pursue our journey, if we would not be benighted among the mountains. We were again enveloped in clouds, which did not leave us 'till, about seven hundred yards lower down, we began to approach the inhabited world? Having descended this depth once more, we found ourselves in the *hospice*. We were now in Spain; but what a sudden alteration of abode! Hardly will it be believed, that fertility and sterility, urbanity and clownishness, openness and reservedness, wit and dullness, cleanliness and filth, could border so near upon each other as—France and Spain!! The mountains, especially that of the Pennablanca, wore a death-like colour; the sprouting plants, which had been half-stifled by cold

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and wind, were killed by those rays that lately rescued them from the tyranny of winter; all verdure, in the vallies here, was less green than in the vallies we had left; living creatures were fewer; men were silent, and we were not welcomed even with a smile.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ANECDOTE *of* LORD CLIVE.

WHEN the Dutch troops from Batavia came into the river of Bengal, in numbers more than double to the force we had in the European line for the defence of Fort William, Clive's spirit was too great to run into the garrison before he had tried his fortune in the field. At this critical moment it came to be known that the nabob, a creature of our own making, stimulated by his minister, Nundcomar, had invited the Dutch to invade the country, in hopes of counterbalancing the English power. His son, a suspicious character, lay encamped with 8000 men on the plains of Plassy. Clive sent him a positive order not to move, at his peril, from the spot he occupied. Colonel Ford returned at this instant from a place to which he had been detached, but without the troops of which he had a deputed command. Clive dispatched him with three battalions of seapoys, and what Europeans he could muster, over the river, with orders to throw himself between the Dutch troops from Batavia, and those who were marching from Chinsura to join them. When this was effected, Ford saw that immediate action was inevitable; but there being no national war with the Dutch, and Fort William within one hour's distance, he wrote to Clive for an order of the governor and council to attack them. Clive, who was sitting in a mixed company, read the note with great composure, and without saying a word, or moving from his seat, took a pencil from his pocket and wrote on the margin of the letter the following words:

"DEAR FORD,

"Fight them directly:—I will send you an order of council by and by. Your's,

"R. C."

And then delivered it to the orderly serjeant, and bade him send it back to Colonel Ford as fast as possible. Such prompt conduct would be temerity in any other than the man whose mind is prepared, by continual reflection, for the most important contingencies.

An

An extraordinary Instance of Resuscitation by Mr. Reece, Surgeon, communicated to Dr. Hawes. The humane Mr. Davis admitted the apparent Corpse, and Captain Brokenshaw attested the Return of Life.

THOMAS PASK, the son of Mr. Pask, High Holborn, fell from the Bideford brig, and a man at a distance supposed it was a dog, but on coming near the wharf, saw a hat, and made an alarm for assistance. Some gentlemen joined me in taking a boat to rescue the youth from the watery grave. Mr. Davis humanely received the body, and the judicious process of the London Humane Society being assiduously employed for a quarter of an hour, languid signs of life returned by a laborious breathing and fluttering motion of the heart; but convulsions ensued for five hours, accompanied with a locked jaw; these alarming symptoms gradually terminated in sleep, and the next morning awoke sensible, though in a much reduced state. At this time, my patient is perfectly restored to life and health.

I am highly gratified at being the instrument of providence in the restoration of this youth. I have directed Captain Brokenshaw to wait upon you; and as his relatives can afford it, have expressed a wish that they would subscribe to the Humane Society, an institution, which owes its respectability and usefulness to your constant exertions. If I feel happy in restoring the life of one of my fellow-creatures, your feelings must be enviable indeed.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient humble servant,
RICHARD REECE, Surgeon, Cardiff.

Dr. William Hawes.

Receipt for keeping Flies out of Apartments and Stables.

THE following receipt for keeping flies out of apartments and stables, and driving them away from horses, was sold in a sealed cover, at the Leipsic Michaelmas fair, at a high price, and had a very extensive sale: Put into an earthen pot half a pound of cantharides, an ounce and a half of goured seed; motherwort, sassafras root of St. John's wort, and spirit of ants, of each half an ounce; a quarter of an ounce of orpiment, and a good handful of savin, the whole cut small or reduced to powder; close the pot hermetically, luting the interstices of the lid with flour paste. After the contents of the pot have boiled sufficiently, take it from the fire, and let it stand 24 hours in a cool place; then uncover the pot, and with a feather smear the frames of

the windows and doors, both of apartments and stables, from which you are desirous of keeping the flies. A single coat is sufficient for the whole season; but if the rain should chance to take it off, care must be taken to renew it. The smell of this preparation, which is scarcely perceptible to man, is so insupportable to flies, that there is not a single instance of one having entered by an open window or door to which this liquid has been applied. To keep them away from the horses, it is sufficient to smear the harness, the girth, or the saddle, with this liquid.

HARRY HOLYDAY.

HARRY HOLYDAY is an honest tradesman, who has a constant dread of being thought unlike other people. His ambition on club-night, consists in being noticed as a hearty fellow. After the usual liquor-money is spent, he is the first who moves for clubbing their sixpences for punch; as they need not be niggardly who only meet *once a month*. If any one moves for the annual supper, he rises to improve the motion, and hopes there will be a dinner likewise, because two meals are better than one, and it only comes *once a year*. After taking his Saturday night's pint at the Chequers, he recollects that he can afford himself another, as it only comes *once a week*. On Christmas-day he swallows as much provision as would serve him moderately for three days; the next day, as he is "rather queer," he takes a walk out, meets some acquaintance, and keeps it up 'till next morning; for what does it signify, when it only comes *once a year?* On Easter, Whitsuntide, &c. it is not enjoying himself—he sees no life, in having only a single sober holiday; and the time he loses, or the money he spends, cannot ruin him, as it only comes *once a year!*

JOHN MORRIS FLINDALL.

RUSSIAN COLONIES.

THE new Russian colonies in the southern part of the empire, and on the borders of the Black Sea, are increasing with the greatest rapidity. All the colonists have good houses, commodiously arranged, and they entertain a well-founded hope of deriving from the lands which have been granted to them, the most solid riches. In the course of the present year, about 250 new families have settled in the environs of the city. The duke de Richelieu, governor-general, who is lately returned from a tour which he made through this province, grants special protection to new colonists.

An ANECDOTE.

THE well-known Mr. Stephen Kemble, a man unusually bulky, coming one night out of Corri's concert, in the Cowgate, at Edinburgh, called a chair: two fellows immediately dragged the vehicle to him, but while he was preparing to squeeze into it, a friend, who was just stepping into his chariot, called out to him, "Kemble, I go by your door, and will set you down." He gave the chairman a shilling, and was going, when one of them scratched his head, and hoped his honour would give him more than a shilling. "For what, you scoundrel, when I never got into your chair." "But consider the fright your honour put us into," replied Patrick, "*consider the fright.*"

RUSSEL FAMILY.

AN historical dictionary of the most remarkable persons in England and Wales, published in 1692, contains the following article respecting this illustrious family:

"A most noble family, whereof John Russel, born at Kingston Russel, in Dorsetshire, was a man of great accomplishment, and was recommended by King Philip, of Castile, to King Henry VII. as a person of great abilities; he could see more with his one eye, than many others could do with two. Henry VIII. made him a privy-counsellor, Lord Russel, and privy-seal. A good share of the golden showre of abby lands fell into his lap. King Edward VI. made him earl of Bedford, and sent him down to suppress the western commotion, and relieve Exeter, which he performed with great wisdom, valour, and success. He died in 1554, and was buried at Cheneys, in Buckinghamshire."

This family is now duke of Bedford, and the head of it is now lord-lieutenant of Ireland, where he behaves with the most princely munificence.

A QUESTION, *by W. M. of Gluvias.*

IT is required to find three such numbers, that the sum of the first and second, being multiplied with the third, may be 273; and the sum of the second and third, multiplied with the first, may be 225; also, that the sum of the first and third, being multiplied with the second, may be 264.—To be determined by algebra only, and by a simple equation.

Answer, by J. Ryan, of East Stonehouse, to T. Scadding's Charade, inserted October 13.

EACH jovial tar, when from his duty free,
Doth send around the CANN with mirth and glee;
The preposition ON, if join'd, soon shews
The dread and fear of all Great Britain's foes.

☞ The like answers have been received from J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; R. Gidley, and P. Codd, of Dean Prior; J. S. H. Stoneman, P. Gove, and J. T. Symons of Exeter; Sophia, of Modbury; Benjamin Belcher, of East Stonehouse; J. Whitnell, of Ashcott; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; J. Woodman, junior of North Curry; W. D. of Bristol; Adrianus; M. P. M. of Tyro, of Penzance; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Whittle, of Upway; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; G. A. F. Arden; and W. Gregory, of Tamerton Foliott.

Answer, by J. Whitnell, Ashcott, to S. T. Wreford's Anagram, inserted October 20.

LEEK, when metamorphos'd right,
KEEL will quickly come to sight.

☞ We have received similar answers from W. D. of Bristol; Sophia, of Modbury; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; H. Stoneman, J. S. and J. T. Symons, of Exeter; J. Woodman, junior, of North Curry; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; B. Belcher, and J. Ryan, of East Stonehouse; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; and W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey.

A CHARADE, *by Hilarius.*

MY first is he who fights against his king;
My next that king no subject dares to fight:
Ah! for my fatal whole how many swing,
Exclaiming loud for liberty and right!

A REBUS, *by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.*

ONE-HALF of force you first must find;
A proposition call to mind;
A gloomy hole must next appear;
An interjection in the rear:
The parts connect which I propound,
An instrument of music's found.

An ENIGMA, *by Oedipus.*

MY origin, dear gents. you know,
To various kinds of things I owe;
View the terraqueous globe around,
In almost every part I'm found;
Thro' fields of air aloft I fly,
Or on the ground inglorious lie.
I to religion am no foe,
As sacred records plainly show;
Of matter I yield large supplies,
For contemplation to the wise;
I teach the fair nor to be vain
Of charms that cannot long remain;
And to th' ambitious worldling show
The vanity of all below.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Imitation of Part of the Fifteenth Epode of Horace.

AD NEÆRAM.

" *Nox erat, &c.*"

'TWAS solemn night, and, from the sky serene,
The rising moon illumin'd the silent scene,
When, like some stately oak, with ivy twin'd,
Clasp'd in your gentle arms I lay reclin'd;
'Twas then, false nymph (Ah fatal hour to both!)
Th' offended gods condemn'd your faithless oath—
" While, wolves, (you swore) the timid cattle chas'd,
Or fierce Orion swell'd the watery waste;
While zephyr fann'd Apollo's flowing hair,
Nor time, nor absence, should your love impair."
But soon Neæra, soon shalt thou in vain,
Exert thy pitying pow'r to soothe my pain;
For if one manly spark this bosom fires,
Indignant pride shall check my fond desires;
Some nymph, more faithful, shall my soul subdue,
And grace the throne which love prepar'd for you.
Nor think, Neæra, should my rivals range,
Think not, like theirs, this constant heart will change;
Then will thy charms, less fatal prove than now,
Nor tears, nor pray'rs, pervert my sacred vow.

Village Hill. EDWIN.

DECEMBER.

SEE! dark December comes: upon his crest
Grim low'ring, sit the sullen brood of storm,
Ready to pour upon the shrinking plain
Their hoarded wrath. In vain the feeble shaft
Of baffled Phœbus, with oblique descent,
Essays to pierce the congregated mass
Of vapours that compose his gloomy shield.
Onward he comes, with all a tyrant's pride,
With all a tyrant's insolence, who knows
His victory secure. An easy prey
Broken, and disarray'd by the attacks
Of his precursor, the faint landscape falls.
The wood yields its last honours with a groan,
And sighs of anguish fill the ravag'd vale:
With loud lament the brooks bewail their doom,
By ruffian torrents rifled and deform'd;
While instinct's shivering tribes, in silence sad,
Beneath the shelter of some friendly rock,
Stand ruminating on the awful change
That robs them of their pasture. Reason's sons!
Creation's lords and masters!—pity them:
Leave not your useful slaves thus long expos'd
To the inclemency of wintry nights,
Starving of cold and hunger. Bring them home;

Treat

Treat them with kindness; use them as you ought—
For duty binds us even to the brute,
If we are really Christians. Now, ye rich!
Withdraw your wandering thoughts from those pursuits
Which occupy ambition's restless aim,
And deaden feeling for a brother's woe.
On human misery let mercy's beam
Be turned, relief and comfort to diffuse.
Open the fountain of benevolence,
And let the poor, the naked, the forlorn,
Partake the bounty of it's cheering streams.

Dromore. HAFIZ.

H Y M N.

Written by a Youth of Eighteen Years of Age.

GREAT GOD! thy works our wonder raise,
To thee our grateful strains belong:
Whilst skies, and woods, and rocks, and seas,
Around shall echo to our song.

Thy power produc'd this mighty frame,
Aloud to thee the tempests roar;
Or softer breezes tune thy name,
Gently along the pebbl'd shore.

Round thee the scaly nation roves,
Thy bounteous hand their joys bestow;
Thro' all the blushing coral groves,
Their silent gay retreats below.

See the broad sun forsakes the skies,
Glow on the waves, and downwards glide!
Anon! heav'n opens all its eyes,
And star-beams tremble o'er the tide.

Each various scene, or day or night,
Lord! points to thee our nourish'd soul;
Thy glories fix our whole delight,
So the touch'd needle courts the pole.

END OF THE FORTY-SIXTH VOLUME.

[James Langdon, Printer, Sherborne.]

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FORTY-SIXTH VOLUME

OF THE

Weekly Entertainer.

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